

Home Circle.

MY MENDING BASKET.

It is made of the stoutest of willow;
It is deep and spacious and wide;
Yet the Gulf Stream that flows through its borders
Seems always to stand at flood-tide!
And the garments lie heaped on each other;
I look at them often and sigh,
Shall I ever be able to grapple
With a pile that has grown two feet high?
There's a top layer always of stockings;
These arrive and depart every day;
And the things that are playing "button-button"
Also leave without any delay.
But, ah, underneath there are strata!
Buried deep as the earth's eocene!
Things put there the first of the autumn,
Still there when the trees have grown green!
There are things to be ripped and made over;
There are things that gave out in their prime;
There are intricate tasks—all awaiting
One magical hour of "spare time."
Will it come? Shall I ever possess it?
I start with fresh hope every day.
Like the will-o'-the-wisp it allures me:
Like the will-o'-the-wisp, fades away.
For the basket has never been empty
During all of its burdened career,
But once, for a few fleeting moments,
When the baby upset it last year.

—Harper's Bazar.

SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.

The average man or woman does not care, at least as far as can be seen by outward appearances, to have it known that he or she really sympathizes with the fallen, the outcast. It does not seem quite the thing. Or, if one really does have this feeling strong in the heart, it does not seem quite proper to express it. It is still harder to put it in practice. How many of us would be willing to take the hands of those steeped in sin and welcome them to the foot of the cross, and urge them to go there and believe they would find help, comfort, strength and salvation? Talk of principles! Theory is one thing and constant practice another. Without questions many of us would be surprised at ourselves, at our feelings, if we should come in contact with the lower classes. We would not believe that there was such a difference between what we profess, what our theory has been, and what we are really ready to practice. Only by looking at the life of a loving Christ, and trying in every possible manner to walk in his footsteps, can we realize what he would do were he on earth; how his

hand would go out quickly to the outcast, no matter how dirty, no matter how low and degraded the character. Nor should we find him doubting whether such a one could be saved or not. There are opportunities to see exactly where we stand on this question, and every Christian ought to be in the right position where not only in theory, but in actual practice, he can work for the outcast with a loving, tender, sympathetic heart, glad to do it for Christ's sake, believing that for and in and through Christ all can find pardon, help and safety.—*Gospel News.*

OBEYED PLEASANTLY.

Little Harry had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses, and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so, too—so he called to his aunt and said:

"Aunt Mary, can I go to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything that was proper to please him, but she thought this was very unsafe, so she said:

"No, Harry, my boy, I think that is a very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother on one occasion.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to the store this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"O yes, Harry," said his uncle, "I shall be glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to day, Harry," said his mother, "I want you to go out with me; you shall go to the store another time."

"All right," said Harry, and went on eating. No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met

with when asking for anything, his constant answer was, "All right." He never asked, "Why can't I?" or "Why mustn't I?" Harry had not only learned to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor.—*Selected.*

SOMETHING FOR BOYS.

A few weeks since I saw a touching and beautiful sight. Driving through a ragged part of the country my attention was directed to an elderly lady trying to pick her way over a rough hillside. She came very slowly and carefully. The hill was quite steep, and I was pitying her and thinking if it would not be well to offer my services, when I heard a whistling boy coming up behind the carriage. He bounded past, and running up the hill put his arm around the lady and steadied her steps, saying pleasant words I know, for the face encased in the warm hood looked beaming and bright with happiness. As we passed I heard her say these words. "It is so nice to have a boy to come and help a mother down the hill." They passed on and went into a farm-house at the foot of the hill; I knew they were mother and son. There was a sermon in those few words, I thought. I wish every boy could have heard them.—*Union Gospel News.*

GUESS ?

"Now tell,"
Cried Nell.

"Sometimes it's big—sometimes it's small.
It has two hands and no feet at all.

But still,"
Said Nell,

"Though it doesn't run up, it *does* run down.
Its face is always healthy and round,
And it talks very prim and very precise.
When I am good it says so nice,

'Pretty—well!
Little—Nell.'

"But if I'm naughty, oh deary me!
Its voice is as solemn as it can be!
Solemn and sorry and dreadfully clear,
And the more I don't listen, the more I hear
'Do's you'd—oughter,
Lit-tle—daughter.'

"Can't you guess it, you funny folk?
Something that runs but never walks?
Well, well!"
Cried Nell.

"If you can't imagine, I'll have to 'splain,
And I won't make such a *hard* riddle again.
You must have a key before it will talk.
Turn the key—and there's a —?"

—Youth's Companion.